Alb. We will greet the time.

Bast. To both these sisters haue I sworne my loue,
Each iealous of the other, as the sting are of the Adder,
Which of them shall I take, both one
Or neither; neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: to take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonorill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side
Her husband being aliue. Now then wee'l vse
His countenance for the battell, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him deuise
His speedy taking off: as for his mercie
Which he extends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battell done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit*

Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the stage, Cordelia with her Father in her hand.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this bush
For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue.
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort. *Exit*

Glo. Grace go with you sir.

Alarum and retreat. *Enter Edgar.*

Edg. Away olde man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter tane:
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No farther sir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts again? Men must endure,
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on. *Exit.*

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.

Bast. Some officers take them away, good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures best be knowne
That

That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning haue
For thee oppressed King am I
My selfe could else out-frow
Shall we not see these daught

Lear. No, no, come let's a
We two alone will sing like b
When thou dost aske me blef
And aske of thee forgiuenesse
And pray, and tell old tales, a
At gilded Butterflies, and he
Talke of Court newes, and w
Who looses, and who wins;
And take vpon's the mystery
As if we were Gods spies: a
In a walld prison, packes and
That ebbe and flow by the M

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices
The gods themselues throw
He that parts vs shall bring a
And fire vs hence like Foxes,
The good shall deuoure em, f
Ere they shall make vs weepe

Bast. Come hither Captai
Take thou this note, go follo
One step I haue aduanc't thee
Thou dost make thy way to
Know thou this, that men ar
To be tender minded does n
Thy great employment will n
Either say thou do't, or thri

Cap. Ile doot my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write h
Marke I say instantly, and ca
As I haue set it downe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.